BEHIND THE SCENES WITH BERNHARDT

Essays in Comedy and Tragedy Seen by Only a Limited Audience.

It is the first Bernhardt performance. All of fashionable French New York is crowding into the theatre, and a SUN reporter and artist are waiting to be escorted behind the scenes to interview Mme. Bernhardt.

Mr. Sullivan, press representative for Mme. Bernhardt, leads the way falteringly, and only after whispered colloquies with other employees. He explains his hesitation in various ways, and ends by advising the visitors to mention his name if they "are thrown out."

In the state of mind natural after this piece of advice, the visitors plunge through a door into the cold air, walk across a frail iron grating, and pushing through another door are suddenly thrust into a melée of conflicting temperaments.

Hardly has a foothold been found in the narrow entrance when a fiery eyed, square headed, muscular shouldered personage advances threateningly. He is called Monsieur Pierre by members of the company, and is said to be the stage director. He really is "it." His pathway from the centre of the darkened stage, where the last bits of still life are being placed, is marked by the devastation of a tornado.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED TO PLEASE MADAME.

There is one pretty, dark eyed girl who wants to write about Bernhardt. She is talking Park row French to a cartoonist, who seems to understand her. She weeps hysterically, after the passing of Pierre, and explains that she has been accused of playing with the truth in a shameless way. Her explanations regarding her presence are treated with sniffs and sneers.

Then M. Pierre spots a light complexioned soubrette. Why does she cumber the earth? She attempts to explain, but she might as well attempt to explain to a tidal wave.

He doubles himself into prize-fighter knots and pounds the air. She is ordered to remove herself in accents that range from a high crescendo to the utternost depths of sound. She is ordered to dress, not but she is dressed, but M. Pierre must say something and that is as good as anything else.

She disappears. Then he falls upon half a dozen male supes and with prods of the elbows and pushes with the shoulders gets rid of them in short order.

There are a half dozen supernumerary girls who for the sake of hearing the Divine Sarah have hired themselves for the productions. Love of art is responsible for this—art and art alone. They have not even rehearsed, and their mental perturbation is keen.

"Of course, I don't suppose anybody'll notice me," says one, "when Sarah's on, but I would like to know at least whether I'm to appear in the third or fifth act."

To them Monsieur Pierre!

There is a dressing room up aloft, far, far from the madding crowd and the maddening, magnetic Sarah. To that they are bidden to hie themselves.

If they want to see Mme. Bernhardt there are $3 seats for them. If they are part of the coming spectacle they must get out until such time as they may be needed.

They go, leaving a wave of recriminating sound. One can distinguish more agony. "Well! we were fools!" "Never again!" "I told you so!" "Not a cent of money!" "Hot, stuffy room!" "I told you so!" "They're frog eaters, all of um."

AN IMPRESSION.

The inevitable young man of the helpful order has preceded the entrée of Pierre. He has sharpened slate pencils; he has interpreted between members of the French company and the American supes; he has displayed a knowledge of the theatre which bespeaks the experience of a veteran.

On him next descends the wrath. Who is he, anyway, and how dare he be that particular person, whoever that may be? In Franco-American he explains that he—he carries a spear in the last act, and how dare—

What happens to him is vague. It might have been a trapdoor, or just a solar plexus. It was effective, whatever it was, and the place that had known him knows him no more.

Pierre breathes and turns his attention to THE SUN visitors. THE SUN visitors have learned wisdom by experience. Against his hectic vocabulary they say meekly in chorus: "Je ne comprends pas!"

Pierre dances before them. Tufts of white hair fall about like a stage snow storm. "You understand enough to stay where you are not wanted! No one could understand better than that!"

There are two of the visitors and one of him, and against the repeated, "Je ne comprends pas" his syllables fall like popcorn on a sanded floor.

There may be those who still doubt the efficacy of the Gaelic language revival. If they could have witnessed the power of the magic name of Sullivan at this crisis!

Monsieur Pierre subsides. Why did not somebody, why did not everybody say "Sullivan" before? He was in a mood, and all he wanted was that.

Through trapdoors, from behind chairs and underneath benches, down spiral fire escapes and dropping from the fly gallery come back the dispersed ones, supes, masculine and feminine, nuns and spear carriers, soldiers and sisters, ladies of the court and monks, reporters and artists, all those who wept and wailed and had teeth gnashed at them.

Pierre is a lamb with tempered wind. He find seats for the abused. One even has the chair of the Divine Sarah for the nonce out of commission. He pats spear carriers on the back. He explains how desolated it has made him to seem a leetle serious. It is necessary. If madame should find her way blocked by just plain people, what might happen? What might not? He shows THE SUN visitors how by opening a small window in the scenery they can see every motion of the divine one.

It is all very amusing, very tempestuous, very Gallic. After the storm of emotions there is a breathing space, and then comes the second hurricane.

It comes in the person of the divine one, who advances to make her initial entrance, closely guarded by maids and members of the company, the stage carpenter bringing up the rear in company with a plumed Toledo blade.

Something is wrong with the spot light and a flood of French eloquence falls upon the ear. It is French of the good old classic order. It is French which runs the full gamut of wrath and invective, and there is not a man or woman who does not agree with her.

She holds out rigidly her arm, and on its surface, spanned by a sextet of gorgeous bracelets, a ghastly blue light that would make an infant look as if in its second childhood plays in freckling glee. No wonder that she does not want to face her first night audience in that glare. It is slowly remedied by an electrical expert.

WAITING FOR CUES.

Through the tiny window the house is seen, waiting patiently, but as if one should say: "All this delay is but one of the tricks that you are mistress of." Little do the spectators know that the emotional scene of the evening is taking place then behind the scene. The word "tigress" is worked overtime by the admiring witnesses of Mme. Bernhardt's fury.

This début has been so quick that before one has waked to it it is all over. There is an impression of spangled drapery, of a whirl of emotions, of a mobile face, of aquamarine eyes. And there is the *voix d'or*, which after all is what you remember best and longest.

Later, there are pictures of her that return. There is one of her when she sits at the entrance of the stage in a chair of state with half a dozen of her people gathered about her. She has on one of the many little crocheted shawls which are found waiting for her at each and every exit and entrance.

THE FRENCH MANAGER.

They give a pathetic touch to her—those same lunettes of worsted, a very human touch; they are the kind that New England spinsters of the Mary Wilkins order wear when they go 'cross lots to drink tea with a neighbor, the kind that country relatives send to the dwellers in steam heated flats.

Over the spangled gown, the wondrous necklaces against the loose falling tresses and the coronet, it seems incongruous and pathetic. For the first time you are conscious of the woman—not the artist.

It is that touch of humanity which attracts the crowd in the wings who little by little encroach on the space about her. They seem to think that all of Pierre's fears were groundless.

To her the people in the wings are as much her audience as the boxes. She reaches out with indefinable charm and holds them, not across the footlights in the carefully prepared stage perspective, but almost face to face in the cruel searchlight that beats down about and around her.

The supes, especially those who are serving without pay, make the most of their opportunity. They are not praising unduly, for the stage has few illusions and to be hypercritical marks the expert.

She is Sarah to them all. Not once during the evening is the name Bernhardt with or without prefix heard.

"But she's a wonder," says one, an old man whose eyes have seen many comets and falling stars.

"I got as close as I am to you"—and two elbows touch—says another, "and I give you my word her face's like a baby—a two-year-olds.'"

"I can't understand a word she says," ejaculates a coworker in doublet and hose. "It all sounds like so much monkey talk—the way two Italians quarrel over a nickel—but it's enough to see her and hear that voice. I thought Terry could move your heartstrings, but this is different somehow."

And a stout person wearing a red skirt of knee length, a tasselled cap and a striped blouse says in awestruck accents, the obvious, canning factory criticism:

"Isn't she well preserved?"

Whether conscious or not of this close at hand criticism, she is conscious of the admiration not too subtly expressed. She throws a glance full of humor and understanding at the motley crowd now and again as she rouges her nails and pours some green liquid into the eyes—that green liquid is a mystery in itself; is it responsible for their sea green color?

There is no tigress about her now. There have been curtain calls unnumbered and violent hisses when some too ardent admirer has attempted applause at the wrong moment and cut off for a second the too rare tones. A few red roses have managed in spite of hard and fast rules to scramble over the footlights.

From platform to sky line there is not a gap visible in the auditorium, and the indefinable spirit of hostility which marks the average first night is absent. It would take a more exacting person than the divine one to be on edge with her circumstances.

After all it was a mistake, that first impression; she is really only a lamb masquerading. This bland, smiling, human person you are sure is the real Sarah. You will believe it in spite of the opening episode.

The stage carpenter becomes quite melancholy at the end of the great act of "The Sorceress."

"Ain't Sarah going to make a speech?" he inquires. Then he excuses her. "I don't suppose it would do to make a speech in that talk, but I should think a woman as bright as she is could learn English." Then he goes on sawing.

Once an impression is gained of the workwoman. There is a bit of scenery badly propped. Nobody has noticed it and it may mean a serious accident. As soon as Mme. Bernhardt crosses from her dressing room, she sees it, points it out and stands at attention until it is remedied.

And in the dressing room she holds the hands of a young American actress, a friend and protégée, and says softly:

"This is my swan song."

And you are glad to have been there amid the toppling scenery and the unrehearsed supes, with crusty old Pierre and the ardent stage carpenter, there amid the dust and the débris which the divine one shares with you at odd minutes!

"LA SORCIERE."

YOUNG WOMEN OF 50 AND MORE

GRAY HAIRED, BUT STILL ABLE TO RUN BIG AUTOS.

A Sight Getting More Common Every Day—It Demonstrates Among Other Things the Improvement in Feminine Nerves in the Last Few Years.

"When talking about women who drive automobiles we say 60 years young, not 60 years old," remarked the manager of a big garage.

His attention had been called to the large number of elderly women with gray hair, and other elderly women who don't permit their hair to get gray, that are now seen running big automobiles, sometimes all alone, in the crowded city streets as well as out of town.

"The fact that the automobile is fast making a conquest of elderly women proves that the machine has about reached the height of popularity," he added.

"Nothing of the sort!" put in a professional chauffeur, who has coached a good many women. "The automobile has not got anywhere near the height of its popularity yet.

"The multiplication of elderly women chauffeurs proves simply the growing, or rather the enduring youthfulness of the modern woman. Had the automobile come into fashion six thirty or forty years ago, it is a chance whether women past 50 would have dreamed of operating one.

"A woman of 55 looked elderly then. To-day a woman at that age doesn't look it, or if she does look it, she doesn't act it.

"She is not expected to act or dress differently from her daughters. She may be as giddy as she pleases—if running a motor car can be called giddy.

"By the way, a big Panhard passed me on St. Nicholas avenue the other day operated by a woman with gray hair. There was a man beside her who did not look like a chauffeur, and three women behind.

"Coming to the Harvard-Yale football game I raced over quite a stretch of road with a Pope car run by a middle-aged woman—a woman rather who looked middle aged, but may have been a lot older. Evidently she was taking a party of three young men to the game, and the way that car was handled by her would have done credit to a professional chauffeur.

"Not long ago I was engaged to give lessons to the wife of the owner of a four cylinder car which is stored with us. She had gray hair and probably was over fifty.

"She had a well set up figure, though, and of course she was dressed like any of the young women who come here. I found that her ambition was to learn to operate the big machine her husband had bought, and she didn't like it much when I made her begin by handling a smaller one.

"Before I had been out with her a half-dozen times I found she had nerves as steady as a church and showed no sign of losing her head when purposely I chose one of the most congested thoroughfares. I believe that she is now allowed to control the lever of her husband's machine when he or his chauffeur is along, and I hope she will rest satisfied with that. No woman, I say, should undertake to run a four cylinder car alone, I don't care how nervy she is."

"There is no age limit for the feminine chauffeur," said a seller of autos. "I sit here and watch women skimming up Broadway in all sorts and sizes of machines, and I have noticed of late that the proportion of the middle aged and elderly is a good deal bigger than it used to be.

"When the auto first came into fashion in this part of the country it was young women only who rushed to take lessons. At Newport, at one time, there were as many young girls as there were young married women tearing around in a dozen and one different varieties of autos, but an elderly woman running an auto was seldom or never seen, and that was only half a dozen years ago.

"Now there is no age limit. There is no reason why there should be an age limit. Any woman with healthy nerves and not given to losing her head can run an auto, whether she is 18 or 60. If her nerves are uncertain—well, she would better let autos alone.

"Strange to say, despite all this talk about the strenuous life the up to date New York woman lives I should be inclined to bet that the average elderly woman—by which I mean a woman approaching 60—has stronger nerves than women of the same age had a half century ago. And as between a woman of 20 and one of 50 or older, I will wager ten chances to one that the latter is safer in the rôle of chauffeur."

"How do you make that out," the dealer was asked.

"Well, the case is something like this. Recklessness is not always courage, and it never means caution, and it takes both courage and caution to run an auto in New York. Young folks have more recklessness than older folks; the latter have more caution than recklessness.

"If Gen. Sherman had been an older man perhaps he would never have made that famous march to the sea. In Wall Street it is more often the young than the older men who plunge and take the biggest chances.

"'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' is an adage which sizes up pretty well the automobile situation where women are concerned, and the biggest fools—not meaning to be the least bit uncomplimentary—are among very young women. I have known young persons who the second trip out proposed going down Fifth avenue at top speed, and were disgusted because their teacher insisted on staying in a less busy thoroughfare.

"And, as a rule, women of this type, when an accident does happen, lose their heads completely. Of course, I don't mean that all young women are reckless or deficient in nerve."

"From the standpoint of nerve and courage then, there is no reason why elderly women should not drive automobiles?"

"None whatever. Instead of the older women proving deficient in nerve and being more apt to lose their heads at a critical moment it is exactly the reverse.

"It is the older women, I find, who take the most trouble to understand the machinery, to learn to doctor it when the need comes up. Younger women are more concerned about knowing how to make the thing scoot, about making a brilliant appearance when occupying the place of chauffeur, than about understanding the working apparatus, the mechanism of the car. To illustrate:

"'If such and such an accident should happen to your tires or to the steering gear, or to the brakes, you must immediately do thus and so; and it is always well carefully to scrutinize every part of the machine before you start off in it,' I told a young lady who had just received a very pretty little automobile from her father, and after taking a few lessons was preparing to run it herself.

"'Oh, yes. Thank you. But nothing will happen,' was her answer.

"And with a careless nod she got into the thing and was off to take a friend for a drive. She paid no attention at all to my instructions, showed not the slightest intention of remembering them—nor will she until her machine comes to grief. The sooner that happens the better for herself and her friends.

"As a contrast in this case I have a customer of 50 or older who also owns a medium sized auto, which is kept stored here. From the start this woman's chief anxiety was to understand the machine.

"With a book of directions in her hand she at first studied it inside, outside and underneath and then asked for instructions so that she could clean and oil it herself. She was not satisfied until she could lie down under the machine and do the work of a regular chauffeur.

"We have another middle aged customer, a relative of a bishop, who does the same thing. In the first case the woman was extremely cautious—almost too cautious—about venturing into crowds, but now she is one of the most accomplished woman chauffeurs I know.

"There are hundreds of women, young and old, lacking sufficient nerve to run an auto, and among the best women chauffeurs it is not the younger women who deserve the most medals."

A fashionable woman, a great-grandmother, when asked if, in her opinion, the nerves of the middle aged society women of to-day were stronger than the nerves of their predecessors of a half century ago, had no convincing answer to give.

"That question puzzles me," she said. "Undoubtedly with every generation the woman of 50 gets younger and younger in appearance. In dress, speech, manners, amusements, she is now practically a copy of a woman half her age.

"She manages to hold on to her figure and complexion, and milliners, dressmakers, hair dressers, make no distinction between her and her daughter. What is more, the modern woman of 50 seems to feel young as well as look young. No curfew and knitting by the chimney corner for her!

"At the same time there has never been a period, it seems to me, when so much was heard about nervous prostration. Why, when I was young the disease was almost unknown. In those days it wasn't customary to take long trips away from home two or three times a year for one's nerves.

"But now the almost universal complaint of fashionable women is that they are so nervous. And I used to believe them. Considering the perpetual motion existence led by the average fashionable woman, I thought it perfectly consistent that she should have nervous prostration sooner or later or by fits and starts.

"I have changed my mind. Now when a woman tells me 'I am so nervous,' and then jumps into an automobile and heads it toward Fifth avenue or Broadway I conclude there is little or nothing the matter with the twentieth century woman's nerves."

STURDY WOMAN FARMER.

Success of Miss Frederick, Who Was Once in Charge of Senator Knox's Dairy.

Valley Forge correspondence of the Philadelphia Record.

Surrounding this historic ground there are many fine farms, noted for their fertility, and some of them famous for connection with Revolutionary doings. There is just one that is known all over this historic locality not alone for its fertility but for the fact that its manager is a woman farmer, Ella W. Frederick.

Miss Frederick is 24 years old, a strong adherent of President Roosevelt's theory of strenuosity and perhaps the foremost woman farmer in the State, with an experience unique for one of the gentler sex.

Her experience as a dairy farmer began on the farm now owned by United States Senator P. C. Knox. Three years ago, while the Senator conducted a noted dairy farm, she began as a milkmaid for him. So well did she do her work that she was soon given charge of the dairy part of the Senator's farm. A year ago the Senator decided to abandon the dairy, however, and this decision left Miss Frederick without a position.

Having enjoyed her new experience she soon came to the conclusion that she would have her own dairy on the farm of her father, a well known practising physician. Hardly had a month passed before she had collected a fine herd of cows, four good horses, a number of hogs, 200 head of poultry and the necessary farming implements.

Two weeks later Miss Frederick appeared on the streets of Chester county towns with an up to date delivery wagon and her ledger soon showed that she was serving over 100 of the best customers, who resided in the towns of Berwyn, Devon, Paoli, Port Kennedy and Valley Forge.

Miss Frederick started this dairy farm very modestly. At first she did most of the work unassisted. She used even to curry the horses and help to thresh her grain, and to follow the plough or drive the horses attached to a self-binder was no rare occurrence to her. She often took the flail on a rainy day and threshed rye in the good old way to get straw for the binding of fodder in the fall.

Her dairy cows are mostly Alderneys and Guernseys, and every one has a good milking record. She has a systematic idea about all her work, which sometimes begins at 2:30 A. M., when she arises and throws the harness on her horse, loads her delivery wagon and is soon ready for her daily journey. The route covers a distance of about thirty-five miles, which she covers by 11 A. M. Cream, cottage cheese, ten dozen eggs, thirty pounds of butter and lots of dressed poultry have also been disposed of along the route.

Miss Frederick owns seven horses, every one broken to harness by her. She is a perfect horse trainer and wants to see the first horse or colt that she cannot break to harness or saddle. As her daily trips are largely before dawn she always protects herself by carrying a revolver.

SHOPPERS IN CHINATOWN.

WOMEN FROM UPTOWN HUNT BARGAINS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Curios From the East to Be Had at Reduced Prices, With a Certain Amount of Excitement Thrown In—Other Odd Shops That Women Seek Just Now.

Chinatown has been invaded by Christmas shoppers from uptown this year. Its unusual popularity in this respect is due, one husband asserts, to the diurnal trips of the deep-sea-going rubberneck coaches.

At any rate conductors on elevated and surface cars have got so that they can recognize at a glance the woman shopper who is out on a hunt for Chinatown bargains, and generally anticipate the question, nervously put, "Can you tell us how to get to Chinatown?" Policemen in the Chinatown district know the symptoms, too, and when they see a bunch of women—they always go in bunches to Chinatown—it seems safer—stop irresolutely in the neighborhood of Mott, Pell or Doyers street they hurry to the rescue.

"You want to know the way to Chinatown?" they say. "No? Yes? Just walk down one block and turn to the right and there you are."

A look of relief spreads over the countenances of the women and they trot off, keeping close together, with half an eye lingering on doorways, fearful lest some vengeful Hip Sing Tong or Lee Ong Tong shall suddenly loom forth brandishing a gun or a knife, or that the evil eye of some opium fiend shall mesmerize and draw them, against their will, into one of those curious, dirty, ill-smelling shops that are little more than holes in the wall and are filled with Chinese vegetables, dried fish, tea, china, back scratchers and ladies' slippers.

"Such fun, isn't it?" giggled one young thing who had never been out of the beaten track of shopping travel via Twenty-third street, Sixth avenue and Broadway.

"Don't laugh," commanded the prim one of the party. "Some one might speak to us." And thus reprimanded, according to the rules of Fifth avenue propriety, the party wended their way into the heart of the Chinatown shopping district.

They are a little bit awed by the unfamiliar aspect of the street. They stare at the silent, fleet footed Celestials who glide along at the Chinese loungers in doorways, who curiously regard the still, to them, unusual sight of American women come to Chinatown to shop.

Then there are grave faced Chinese boys, with long queues hanging down their backs, or possibly a small scion of a Chinese father and an American mother, stalking along to school, swinging his books much after the fashion of his white brothers. Besides these the streets are only trodden by the invading hordes of women and the policemen who stand sentinel on every corner, and there are plenty of corners in Chinatown. To the policemen the shops are an old story, and they smile patronizingly on the eager women who are visiting each shop that looks at all promising.

To enter the shops one has almost always to go down a few steps. First of all in point of interest there is the Chinese tailor shop, run by native tailors, where men's coats and trousers and women's kimonos are made to order, just the same as in the smarter establishments. Sombre black for every day and brighter colored stuffs from the Orient for best is the rule.

One side of the shop is given over to the tailoring establishment, where two Chinese boys, wearing their soft felt hats, sit running two American machines with the greatest ease and rapidity. Two more Chinese boys, older and quite wrinkled, are cutting the garments out, an easy task, owing to the simplicity of the style, while two other young Chinese are pulling basting threads from some gorgeous lavender kimonos, for some of the native women, probably.

They all evince considerable curiosity on the entrance of the visitors and jabber to one another in an interesting fashion, but unsmilingly, doubtless making personal remarks about their appearance or dress. A Chinese boy steps up, taking off his hat, American fashion, and saying, "Anything you want?" in very good English. Without being particularly prepossessing in appearance, he is amiable, taking down his wares with perfect willingness.

Jade bracelets are the prize over which one of the shoppers gloats.

"How much?" she asks.

"Six cents," replies the boy.

"Six cents!" the women all echo in concert. "But they're not real jade?"—an afterthought.

"No," smiles John Chinaman, "but these are jade. Two dollar and half."

But the imitation find favor with the bargain hunters, and some two dozen in dull green boxes, the color of the jade, are wrapped up as the first purchase of the day.

"Maybe you like these?" urges John with real American persuasiveness, holding up real jade neck charms. "Bring you good luck, 75 cent."

Teapots and cosies next attract attention, and they go off like hot cakes at 50 cents apiece. These are real bargains, and the shoppers know it.

A coarse but tightly twisted straw basket, lined and padded with turkey red, and covered with a thickly padded top, held within its cosey depths a teapot of odd gray stoneware, plain, but good style and of comfortable size, and all for half a dollar. Another bargain.

Finer cosies with richer decoration were to be had at $1 to $2 or $3 each. Real Chinese plates were bought for from 35 cents up, according to the size, and Canton china for a song. One woman, wife of an artist, secured some charming pieces for their studio quarters, and at prices fully half of what would be paid uptown.

Some of the shopkeepers are beginning to realize that American women offer a chance for extra profit, and so tack on an addition to the price, but such tactics do not succeed very well, for the New York woman is apt to know what is a bargain and what is not.

One big importing house, the largest in the district, is overrun with Christmas business and is in sharp contrast to the quiet reigning in some of the small shops. Dozens of Chinese boys are scampering about, yelling over the heads of their customers in shrill voices, making sales quickly, giving prices and doing up goods with as great ease and dexterity as any of the bundle clerks in the uptown shops.

Among the choice bargains being snapped up at fully 20 per cent. less than the prices elsewhere are Oriental embroideries, draperies, kimonos, table linen, lanterns, ivory carvings and curios, priests' robes for decorative purposes, articles in sandal wood, lacquer and teak wood and bronzes.

This bargain hunting, attractive as it is, isn't all there is to Chinatown for the woman shopper from uptown, for, when all the curious little shops have been duly inspected and purchases made, the next important thing is to visit a Chinese restaurant.

A pretty full day may be put in in the Chinese district alone, but many women do not consider the trip complete without visiting some of the copper and brass antique shops kept by Russians in the vicinity of Canal, Grand and Allen streets, where stunning samovars, quaint bits of hammered brass, &c., can be picked up at prices comparatively low.

Next in point of interest are the Syrian shops on the West Side, in the neighborhood of Rector, Washington and Greenwich streets. Unprepossessing from the exterior, they are full of surprises. Odd bits of Syrian embroidery are to be found at comparatively low prices, together with embroidered linens and shirt waist materials, hand made laces of charming design and quality, artistic draperies and preserved fruits and candies, all of which form unusual Christmas gifts.

SAVE YOUR DIMES AND CENTS.

If You Do, You Will Be Able to Afford an Occasional Rainy Day.

"I can afford an occasional rainy day once in a while now," said a young man who doesn't worry over living beyond his means, "and the reason is that I save my dimes and cents. Whenever I get a dime or a cent in change, I keep it and every night I dump the day's accumulations into a tin box.

"About once a month I gather up the harvest and have it changed into bills. You may not believe it, but the month's receipts frequently run over $25, and have gone as high as $35.

"The saving comes easily and the result seems all out of proportion. One must keep steadily at it, however, to achieve results, for there is a continual temptation to spend your small change and also to borrow from the bank in cases of apparent emergency.

"Sometimes it seems hard to follow out the rule. One day, with one lonely cent in my pocket and pay day twenty-four hours away, I got on a trolley car and handed the conductor the dollar with a fervent hope, which in fairness I couldn't express, that he'd make the change without any dimes. When he handed me nine dimes and a nickel it was a shock. But it's a good scheme, nevertheless."